The Fatal Obsession

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The Fatal Obsession

by Lthien

Summary

"AU where Hannibal, a recent widower, is on a retreat for some healing ‘alone time’. And Will, a young, naive inn help, develops a detrimental obsession over the quiet, mysterious man."

I saw this gif set on tumblr and have probably reblogged it multiple times! It's so gorgeous and so well put together!! I thought I'd try my hand at the story...GO GIVE THE GIF/MAKER ALL THE LOVE, 'KAY?

Notes

When you click the link imbedded in the story, you will see where I have taken the gif maker's exact words and placed them in the work! I hope the creator likes it! I just loved the idea/gifs so much I HAD to do something about it! However, I did not intend on this being as long as it is....And I may put a Hannibal chapter in too to clear up a few things in this. ;)

Obsession

INSPIRATION: http://lethal-desires.tumblr.com/post/157460996223/the-fatal-obsession-au-where-hannibal-a-recent

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To anyone else, March 24th was just another day in Wolf Trap, Virginia. It was raining as it usually did, *hard.* The rain created a foggy haze on the street, and I held a bright red umbrella over my head to offer to the next customer. After a while a sleek black Bentley pulled up and I went over and opened the car door, as was accustomed, smiling.

My day, and life, was changed the moment polished shoes hit the shining pavement.

The most beautiful man I had ever seen stepped out of the car. The rain did not seem to bother him, and he slicked back his graying hair with both hands. He tossed the keys to the valet, Gideon, as he walked to the entrance, ignoring my umbrella, and me, altogether. Droplets of water ran down the man's black double-breasted coat. I watched, entranced.

He was *gorgeous*.

I had never seen someone as handsome as he. High cheekbones, eyebrows so blond they appeared almost nonexistent, and a muscled body concealed in wet wool. I found myself needing to play my role. I followed him in and extended my hand to the mysterious man, though I could feel my fingers trembling.

Good afternoon, sir. Welcome to the Wolf Trap Inn! My name is Will. I'll be happy to take your coat for you! The words did not come out. I was frozen in place. My eyes were wide, and it felt as if I had cotton stuck in my throat. I was awestruck, and he brushed past me again without as much as a glance.

It *hurt.*

I felt his presence behind me, as if I were a sunflower and he the sun. I longed to turn to him, but I chose to stand still, somehow still waiting for someone else to step out. I waited for the undoubtedly beautiful person that would walk through the door and curl themselves around the older man. The smile he would give them—give *anyone*—would carve out my heart.

I waited up until the moment Gideon drove off, my nerves not letting me move. I was terribly shocked, despite myself. No one came? No one came to claim him as their own? I felt something the liking of *hope* swell in my chest.

When I turned around he was already walking down the hall, Frederick walking beside him, the man's suitcase on his trolley. I hated Frederick then, for he did something I could not do: *talk to him*. I had the chance to be close to him, hear him *speak*. Had their fingers touched when the luggage was passed? I hated myself for the missed opportunity.

What was *wrong* with me? I did not even know this man's name! He had to be twice my age, if not close. Yet…everything about him had me *entranced.* Even the way he walked was beautiful, all regal, and broad shoulders. I could not look away from him, unashamed as I devoured him with my eyes.

When he was gone from my sight I asked Alana about him, all but abandoning my post. Her eyes were curious, but she told me everything that I had wanted to know. His name was Dr. Hannibal Lecter, a psychiatrist from Baltimore. He was recently widowed, and took a vacation to Wolf Trap for a few weeks to 'heal.'

Hannibal Lecter. My curiosity whether he was European or not was quenched with a name such as that. My heart mourned for his loss, for his pain. However, I found myself *jealous* of his fallen partner, curious as to who they were. Female? Male? Surely a man such as he could have anyone he wanted.

Me.

I felt myself burn red. Oh. What a thought. A flash of pure heat swelled within my soul, as well as flashes of pure *lust.* Yes, that is what it was, wasn't it? Lust? Alana asked if I was okay and I could only nod, my chilled hands pressed against my ruddy cheeks, my umbrella pooling water on the expensive wood floor.

No. I definitely was not okay. I was far from okay. What was happening to me? *Lust*? I was a *virgin*, and an usually unfazed one at that. No one had ever had the power that *Hannibal Lecter* had—a complete *stranger*! He had not even looked my way! I was utterly invisible to him.

Stab, stab. I pressed my hand to my heart, feeling it beat dejectedly in my chest. I asked Alana if she would tell Jack that I was going home, she being correct. I obviously was not well.

I left in a flurry, not really sure why I felt the way I did. I lied to myself, saying that it was probably just a fluke. That I was tired. That maybe I was getting sick. After all, it made no sense for me to feel the way I did, and it frightened me. This man, this stranger, had stirred something in me that likened to…*obsession.*

What I needed was a cold shower. A cold shower and all eight of my dogs to sleep with me, ground me as they usually did. It helped, and the first night I slept like any other, my usual nightmares haunting me. When I woke, I felt more at ease and still lied to myself as I went to work.

I saw him everywhere. The lounge, the hall, the parking lot, and even in the elevator once. My collar had felt so tight I thought I would die right then. He did not even look at me, and the only sound made was the slight choking sound I made when I somehow managed to breathe *wrong.* I literally choked on my own air and I could not get out of the elevator fast enough so I could bury my head in my hands in embarrassment.

I had yet to see him venture to the pool, and for that I was grateful. If I choked just being next to him, I could not imagine what would happen if I saw him *shirtless.* I would die. I would die, and who would take care of my dogs? Alana?

It was as if I knew where he would be. Wherever I went, there he was. I could not help but watch him. It did not seem to matter if I did because he seemed to not notice. Every now and then it really got to me, wondering if I were really that uninteresting.

I started to do something I never did before. I started to actually attempt to tame my hair. It was usually a fluffy mess of curls upon my head, and the weather never helped, so I tended to ignore it. However, I wanted him to look at me. I wanted him to acknowledge my existence. I bought hair gel after work, day three.

That night, the dreams began. His thoughts raced through my head, his lovely voice piercing my heart. In my dream, he finally looked at me. He told me that I looked nice, and that seeing me made his day a little more cheerful. He told me that I made him happy—made it easier to *forget.*

When I woke, that fourth day, I was determined. I looked myself in the mirror, my hair successfully groomed, my work outfit without a crease, and my once scruffy beard sheared completely off. The man in the mirror shocked me. I looked my age for once, and I looked *confident.* I straightened my back and nodded to my reflection, pleased.

At work Alana looked as shocked as I had been, and she complimented me, saying that I looked ready to conquer the world, or the hearts of Wolf Trap, Virginia, at least. She told me, '*happy hunting*,' with a wink that had me burning red in two seconds flat. Jack told me that it was nice to finally see me 'trying' to look professional. I ignored him. The only person that mattered sat in a chair ten feet away from me.

Hannibal sipped coffee languidly, a book in hand, long legs crossed. He did not look up. My heart fell to my stomach, feeling like a child.

Why did I think changing my appearance would affect someone I did not know, and someone that clearly did not want to know me? I fought back my tears as I continued work, ignoring all the other compliments that my co-workers, and guests, gave me. It was nice, and I thanked them, but it did not help. I had failed.

The fourth night, the dream that taunted me was one of pure lust. I felt hands caress my skin, and lips speak my name: *Will.* Oh, he said my name so nicely, his accent rich and worship worthy. He touched me like no one else ever had, and I wanted all of him. I told him so, grasping onto the shoulders that caught my breath the very first day. I *pleaded*, and was rewarded.

I woke up drenched in sweat, gasping in shock and arousal. My dogs yipped in worry and I pressed my palms to my eyes and choked back a sob. I was *obsessed*. It was clear. That *dream*, it damned me so very clearly. I had another week left, and I could only imagine what those nights would bring me. I shivered with anticipation.

He was changing me, just the thought of him. He would ruin me.

The fifth and sixth day consisted of watching Hannibal Lecter sketch in a leather-bound book, in the comforts of the lounge. His hand moved masterfully across the page, my eyes curious. I wondered what had caught his eye to cause such a quick hand. I tried not to look at him, I really did, but *my dream* had my blood pulsing, as did the dreams that followed.

Those skillful hands danced across *my* skin, his lips being his artistic tool. He created something in me that only he could, and he controlled it with the turn of his wrist, and the press of his teeth and tongue. He owned me in every way, and I loved it—c*raved* it. Instead of crying like I had before, I practically *whined,* needy and wounded.

This man had branded me without even touching me. His very existence was rousing, and my mind palace held onto every part of him. It clung to memory for soon that was all he would be. He would leave in a week and leave me in absolute ruins.

On the eighth day, Hannibal Lecter tried to kill me.

He lounged by the pool, soaking up the first glimpse of sun in nearly four days. His shorts were small, dark blue, European in design, and they clung to him as I desperately wanted to. He still had his shirt on, but it was unbuttoned all the way down and I felt the world shift beneath my feet.

Hannibal Lecter's body was as sculpted as I had expected, the tuft of gray hair on his muscled chest almost causing me to salivate outright. He was even more gorgeous than I had imagined. Knowing that he did not notice my stare caused me only to become greedier. I documented every seam of his suit, the contours of his body. I devoured it all in my mind palace.

Over my untouched lunch I watched him begin to trek over to the pool, tugging his shirt off as he went. The very sight of him…was *intoxicating*. I forced my jaw not to drop open. He tossed his shirt carelessly near his things before diving in skillfully. I held my breath, waiting for him to emerge from the glistening water.

When he did, I thought my heart had stopped. As he did that first day, he slicked back his wet hair with his long fingers. Desire curled within me and I quickly looked back down at my soggy lunch. I picked up my sandwich and took a bite, the heat of my cheeks telling me that I was beet red.

When I finally had the nerve to look up, I about swallowed my tongue.

He was looking at me. *Smiling.*

The sweet venom of his gaze spread through every fibre of my being. He knew; he knew it all.

Poison

Chapter Summary

> "“What do you see?” His voice was like the sweetest poison, his breath hot against my neck. I trembled, seeing him for the first time. I knew. I knew why he never looked at me."

Chapter Notes

> Yes, hello, this is me attempting a sensual scene. If it's crap, I am sorry but I haven't really written anything like this before, so feedback would be awesome hahaha :)
>
> *seriously though, idk what I'm doing, but they're so lovely and I'm weakk

Everything was turned upside down.

He knew.

Oh. *Oh.*

I stood up quickly, knocking over my chair and almost taking the table out too in my haste. Everyone turned to look at me then, guests and co-workers alike. Embarrassed, I fled, not caring to look back, leaving my lunch behind. The one that I had desired from day one watched me go, the heat of his smile still upon my sweaty back.

It was almost too much. It was what I wanted, but now his gaze sent sparks down to my very core. What was he? Surely not human. *That look* told me that he had been teasing me, but for how long? The *whole time*?

I practically ran to the pool area’s bathroom. I hurriedly turned the closest facet on, letting the cold water rush over my heated hands and forearms. I splashed my face and ran my fingers through my groomed hair, feeling the hardened gel loosen. I half laughed, hurt, tears blurring my eyes. I looked at my reflection and hated myself.

He probably thought me a fool. A man such as he. Why would he want a *boy* like me? I rubbed my hands down my face as I tried to think of my options. I could not stay in the bathroom forever.

Forget about ‘leaving early.’ That would be too obvious. Maybe it would be best to just skip town all together. That way I could avoid the questions my colleagues would have after the scene I had just made. That thought had me pause, wide-eyed.

Oh God, did they know too, then? I had not thought about that.

“*Shit*,” I groused out, ruffling my hair with my hands, glad that no one else was in the bathroom. I was sweating up a storm, the heat of the day not helping. I had to cool off somehow, and clear my head.

I pulled off my shirt, practically pealing it off my skin. It felt cooler than I felt, and I laid it on the vanity. I splashed my face again, letting out a sigh of relief. That was *much* better. I braced myself on the vanity, thinking of what to do next, head low.

“Hmm, rather hot today, is it not?”

I immediately froze. I would know that voice anywhere, for it had haunted my very dreams. I tried my best not to shiver, but ultimately failed. I looked up in the mirror, a few droplets of water running down my face. Hannibal Lecter stood not three feet behind me, his arms crossed, leaning nonchalantly on the back wall. A white towel was slung over one arm, and he was still wet from the pool. He wore the same smile as before, *teasing.*

How long had he been there? Had he followed me? Come to tell me off? I let my head fall back down, utterly traumatized—ashamed.

“You probably think me to be a fool…Acting the way I have.” I said meekly, unable to raise my head to meet his stare. I was a coward.

“A ‘fool’? *No*…” He chuckled, his voice rough. He sounded…*aroused*? My eyes widened, and I looked up quickly. He was closer now, barely a foot away from my very naked skin. His eyes stared into mine, connecting through the reflection in the mirror.

Through his eyes, I saw *desire*. I saw how he watched me, every twitch my muscles made. I felt the heat of his eyes upon my bare skin. I felt vulnerable. I felt…*powerful.* Hannibal smiled again, leaning in close to my ear. I felt his hands ghost over my hips.

“What do you see?” His voice was like the sweetest poison, his breath hot against my neck. I trembled, seeing him for the first time. I *knew*. I *knew* why he never looked at me.

Hunger.

He looked ready to devour me.

“*H-Hannibal—*” I gasped, unable to take it any longer; *needy*. As soon as his name left my lips he grabbed me, spinning me around by the hips. His lips were like heaven upon mine, and I whined in awe, my hands going around his neck and in his hair. It was softer than I thought, and I couldn’t resist the light tug I gave it. Hannibal *growled* and only kissed me harder, relentless.

“You—” The man gasped between bruising kisses, “You’re *maddening*...Unbelievable—”

I did not fully understand, nor did I really care. He tasted better than in my dreams. His lips told me that he wanted me, as did his hands. They pulled at me, pinning me against his chest, both of us equally damp. His hands ran down my back, tracing my spine.

They *worshiped* me.

I was *doomed.*

I blinked and found myself pressed against the wall, my hands pinned above my head. Hannibal dove for my neck, nipping and kissing, his tongue and teeth driving me mad. Overwhelmed, I *squealed*, my knees feeling weak. I could not bring myself to think of the neediness that rang out in that one moment, nor the way my head lolled back to offer my neck rather submissively. The only thing that kept me steady was Hannibal's firm grip. He chuckled again, eyes knowing and dark.

"These walls are not as thick as you think, young one. Your voice…carries." Hannibal pressed a kiss beneath my jaw, I being able to feel his smile. My eyes widened as I remembered where I was, and *who* I was. And who I was, was someone at least an hour over lunch break.

"Damn!" I yelped and he let me go with a small laugh, his eyes twinkling. I rushed over to the vanity and scooped up my shirt. I paused when I saw the marks that Hannibal had left behind. I did not want to cover them. I did not want this dream to be over.

As if reading my thoughts, I felt arms wrap around my middle. As odd as it was, I leaned back in this *stranger's* embrace. I felt perfectly at ease. I felt…like I belonged.

"I want to see you, *properly*. William, I want more of you than the taste you have just given me." *William.* Oh, he knew my name. His voice made my name come alive, and my heart beat like mad through my ribs. I never wanted to wake up.

"…You know my name." It was the only thing I could focus on, that and keeping my knees from buckling beneath me. Hannibal smiled, his face practically *nuzzling* into my curls. My heart swelled in my chest, threatening to burst.

He would kill me, and I would ultimately let him.

"As do you, and you said it so…*nicely.*" His voice was teasing again, his smile like the Cheshire Cat's.

"*Bastard*," I chastised, my face burning. He laughed and released me. I pulled my shirt back on, feeling like someone else completely. Then, my entire system seemed to glitch when Hannibal picked up his towel and *easily* opened the door. I turned to him, eyes unbelieving.

"You mean…the door was unlocked this entire *time*?" My voice was higher than I meant it to be. Hannibal smiled and winked at me, his eye teeth sharp and prominent. I could still feel the ghost of them on my skin.

“Why, William, why would it be locked?” His facial expression looked innocent, but his voice told a very different story. My jaw dropped, and I could only gawk at him as he left, his laugh ringing in my heart. We could have been seen! *Exhibitionism*!

I had no time to think on what had happened any longer. I was undoubtedly awaiting an earful from Jack about my extended break. I checked my neck in the mirror, pleased (and a little disappointed) that Hannibal had thoughtfully left my upper neck clean of marks. At least it would leave out one extra question that I *definitely* cared not to answer.

I waited a minute or two after Hannibal, thanking God that the guests that came in after me had not come five minutes earlier. I would have definitely been fired. I would have probably died first though, through my own humiliation. But, what a way to go.

I was practically buzzing in place, my heart full of joy. Exhibitionism or not, I, Will Graham successfully seduced the most gorgeous being to ever walk the face of the earth. Jack could yell all he wanted, I had *won.*

Death

Chapter Summary

"Point one for Will Graham! Long live the king!"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I was right about two things. One, Jack was rightfully pissed. Two, I had so many co-workers ask why I 'freaked out.' I lied through my teeth for both, saying that the heat of the day caused me to get sick. Honestly though, I was *covered* in sweat. It was hot, yes, but it was also due to my nerves.

I was so *nervous*.

I had literally just made out with the hottest person alive, and my brain just could not believe it. Had it just been a dream? Could I still really feel the sting of *bite marks* just under my shirt? Hannibal's tongue? I kept touching my neck, trying not to smile like a dopey idiot. I failed though, and practically floated through the rest of my shift. I could not help but think of the *possibilities*:

I want to see you, properly. William, I want more of you than the taste you have just given me.

Damn. I wanted that. I wanted that so *badly*. I wanted that day one, and if asked, I would admit it in a heartbeat. Just remembering how he said my *name* had sparks shooting down my body.

He could have me.

He could have me any way he wanted, just so long as he *wanted.* Oh, and he did. Those precious minutes with him told me everything that he desired—*me*. Just the thought almost had my eyes well with tears.

I was so *happy*. I had never been so happy, and the memory of his smile made my heart beat faster. Could someone really fall this fast? Was this too fast—and did that even matter?

The rational side of my brain screamed, *Slow down—not so fast! He's just been widowed! You don't even know him!* The other half, the half I had been listening to since the start, practically screamed: *Seduce him, jump him, and keep him forever!* Shockingly enough, they weren't always in that order when I saw him. It was more, *jump him*; *jump him now!*

Apparently, I somehow already managed to *seduce* him, but I literally had *no idea* how I did it. The only thing I really did was stare at him until my eyes burned. That and buy hair gel. I

mostly just stared at him though. All things considered, I'm surprised he didn't come into the bathroom with a restraining order and pepper spray instead of gut-wrenching kisses.

Instead, he had called me '*maddening*.' He had called me '*unbelievable*.' Me? *William Graham*? *He* was all those things, not I. It was nice nonetheless. More than nice, really. His words made me brave. They had made me suck on the tongue that praised me, and was rewarded in return.

Oh. I had never felt more brave than when I was in his arms. That part was actually kind of scary. It was undeniable. If I let him, he would *own* me. What was scarier? I found that utterly *exciting.*

What would it be like...being *loved* by Hannibal Lecter? I imagine it would feel like drowning. Everything about him was overpowering. The way he held himself, regal and without waver. He was a force to be reckoned with. And I? I wanted him. I wanted him as my own.

It had been nearly two hours since being with him, and I already missed him. In turn for my very soul, would he give all of himself to me?

When Hannibal finally came from the pool, he was *glowing*. It was if the sun had kissed him, and he scrubbed his wet hair with the same towel as before. When he noticed me, he *smiled*, his charming canines shining in the light of day. I practically crushed the folded towels I held in my hands.

How did he manage to look a child, right then? How was that *fair*? I wanted to see it again—kiss every wrinkle that curled around his eyes. Kiss where the sun had, replacing her mark. He was *beautiful.* He was beautiful, and he was walking *right towards me—*

"Might I have one of those?" *Yes, please. Oh, you can take me too, thanks.*

"U-uh, yeah, they're clean." I garbled out rather lamely, ignoring my inner voice. It wasn't my fault he was distractingly attractive, and his lips still looked somewhat swollen from my kisses. I licked my lips in remembrance, wondering if mine were as well. I bit back my smile when his eyes followed the path of my tongue. I released my lip deliberately slow, my courage back now that he was within my sight.

"The towel, Mr. Lecter? Would you still like one?" I gave the lobby a quick once over, Alana busy typing away on her computer, before leaning in and saying, "Or do you see something else you'd like?"

Point one for Will Graham! Long live the king!

It was as if freaking *angels* sang it, because Hannibal turned red so fast it was *shocking*. I blinked at him, my own face burning, his blush triggering my own. Oh, God, I really was *doomed*. Unfair! Totally unfair! He was freaking *adorable* too? He had literally grabbed me before, and now he was blushing like a teenager?

Hannibal coughed and quickly took a towel, whipping his hair from his eyes with the jerk of his head. His eyes were suddenly intense, as if his inner being were enticed. Whatever *cute* part that I had just witnessed was suddenly replaced by an *alpha wolf*. A wolf that looked ready to swallow me whole.

I blinked and he was closer than he was before, his mouth hot against my ear. "Do not tempt me, for I would ruin you in front of everyone. Everyone you work with will hear you *beg*. Oh, and beg you will, *boy*. You know where to find me. *Come.*"

Shit. Shit. *Shit.* A heat wave curled its way through my entire body and I had to bite my tongue from whimpering. Hannibal smiled, his long bangs covering the heat of his gaze. He pulled back and walked away—*whistling*. The *bastard!*

He left me in a state of utter *goo.* I had to force my knees to work properly again, and even then, I kind of wobbled as if I was drunk. That actually sounded pretty good at the moment because when I looked back at Alana she was *gawking* at me. Her jaw was practically on her desk.

Oh, *shit.*

I gave her an awkward smile and sighed. I was caught. Honestly? I wondered briefly if it had been better to have been caught by Jack, and fired, because Alana was practically jumping up and down in her desk, gesturing at me wildly.

When my legs somehow managed to reach the front desk, she smacked my arm over the counter. "O-ow—?"

"—Will Graham, you absolute *bastard*!" I rubbed my sore arm, a small smile upon my lips. "*Hannibal Lecter*, really?! Is that why you…?" She gestured at my entire body and I glared at her.

"Oh, wow…Some friend you are!" I grumbled teasingly, unable to stop the smile from growing on my face. I nodded rather bashfully, not looking her in the eyes, and she let out a *squeal*. My eyes widened and everyone in the lobby was looking at us then. "Shh, shh! Are you trying to get me fired?" I begged, embarrassed with all the eyes staring at us. Luckily Jack was barricaded in his office down the hall.

"Oh, I'm sorry—but I'm really not! This is so exciting! I was wondering if anything had happened! What with how he looked at you that first day—" Wait, *what?* "—I thought he looked angry! But I can see now that he actually—"

"Whoa, whoa, back up!" I almost had to put my hand over her mouth to stop her. I looked at her, wide-eyed. "He *looked* at me?" Alana's face was one of pure pity, and disappointment. "Why are you looking at me like that? Stop it, you're kind of freaking me out!"

"You're an idiot, Will Graham," she said and turned back to her computer. She went back into 'work mode' and I wanted to strangle her.

“Yes, I know, Lana, but *please*. Please help out your idiot!” I clasped my hands over the desk, as if in prayer, and puckered my bottom lip out for extra effect. She gave me a disturbed look.

“I’ll tell you if you promise to *never* do that again…It’s weird when you express something other than utter boredom!” She smiled adoringly, sarcasm laced through her words. I smiled at her, glad she was my friend.

When I reached Hannibal’s room, I paused. I stared at the gold numbers, *444*, my heart in my ears. All the bravery I had before was gone. Here, I was like a lost child. It was dark now, nearly ten o’clock, three hours past my shift. I’d asked Alana if she could let out my dogs for the night, saying I had business to do. She had wiggled her eyebrows at me suggestively but said nothing more (*thank God*). I wanted this—Hannibal—and knew he did too. But…this was something I had never thought I would do. This was above my head in all ways.

I closed my eyes and forced my hands to stop shaking. I knocked twice, and stepped back, clasping my hands nervously in front of me. I briefly wondered if it were too late, and that I was being rude. That is, until the door was swung wide open.

“William,” Hannibal greeted courteously. I’m pretty sure my mouth dropped open right then. And if Hannibal’s smug smile gave me any clue, I did. He stood before me in nothing but a white towel. I couldn’t help myself. I devoured him with my eyes, documenting every muscle, hair, and tanned skin.

“…Gorgeous,” I heard myself say and I clamped my jaw shut, shocked at myself. I looked at him wide-eyed.

“That is some greeting,” Hannibal practically purred, the doorframe creaking under the grip of his hand. His eyes were already undressing me, and I trembled.

“H-Hannibal,” I murmured meekly. I swallowed and lurched forward, finding whatever courage I had to press my lips against the older man’s own. Hannibal responded immediately, grasping my nape and crushing my timid mouth against his sure one.

I briefly heard the door latch and lock behind me, and my heart raged in my ears. I tried not to think about it, about my fear, and let myself be led further into the room, Hannibal’s lips a steady lifeline that held me above the water. I was going to drown in this man, in his love, and I would love every minute of it.

Chapter End Notes

Btw: 444 means "death" in Chinese, or it is seen likened to it. :)

Also, I'm nearing my first smutty scene EVER and I'M FREAKING OUT lolll

I hope you enjoyed! <3

Desire

Chapter Summary

> "Oh, he was breathtaking. It was as if he had been carved out of living marble. I felt like Pygmalion, finally being able to touch what the gods had blessed me with; given."

Chapter Notes

> So...yeah. I did it. I did it but blushed like a complete idiot the entire way through. This chapter was really hard for me to write, having never written anything like it before, so I'm a lil iffy about it. The plot will proceed in the next chapter, I promise loll I just needed this chapter out of my mind before I could even think of continuing on lol.
>
> Parts are from a conversation I had with the gif-maker, lethal-desires :)
>
> I hope this reads okay guys, cause I'm just going to go bury my head in the sand for a few days haha
>
> *cough* also, musical inspiration: Meg Myers, "Desire" (Hucci Remix) *cough*

It was clear that Hannibal's intent *was* to kill me the second I felt desperate hands palm at my thighs. Gasping against his opened mouth, I wrapped my arms around his neck and hopped up. He lifted me so very easily, his mouth a delicious heat on my neck and jaw. My legs shyly went around his hips, the towel falling away as he went along.

I whined in acknowledgement, growing more desperate. He was deliciously naked, and I *hated* clothing, then. I wanted to *feel*. I wanted to feel *all of him*. "*Hannibal*," I heard myself gasp, the sound of my voice surprising me. I sounded *wrecked*. I sounded *needy.* I no longer felt like myself, and I loved it. I wanted more. *Hannibal*, *more*!

"I know—I know—*William*," Hannibal growled out, his teeth zeroing in on my Adam's apple. I felt my back hit something solid, and gasped as I registered it to be a wall. I felt one of his hands sneak beneath my uniform, my back bowing wantonly to meet his touch. My hands trembled against his shoulders, my nails undoubtedly leaving crescents on his damp flesh.

It was different than before. Here Hannibal held nothing back. He pressed his whole body against mine, one knee going between my legs. I was forced to sit on it, the pressure sending jolts of lightning to my groin. Hannibal swallowed my startled sound, his hands slowly

dragging my shirt up. His blunt nails sent sparks down my entire being, and I panted helplessly as he leaned in to kiss and lap at every inch of exposed skin.

Hannibal's hands pushed my shirt up to my armpits, my head lolling against the wall. My fingers curled in his hair, pulling him in, encouraging. My whole body could not stop trembling, and he was *ruthless*. I gasped the second his mouth found my chest, and I made a choking sound the second his tongue found one of my nipples. "Hannibal—n-no, *ah*—!"

"*Beautiful*," Hannibal praised with a gasp, and I whined low and desperate. My hips seemed to jerk without my consent, and I *writhed* against him as his mouth continued to torment my nipples, his teeth almost causing me to cry out in absolute pleasure. I bit my lip, trying my best to hold in my voice, my face beyond crimson. "William, let me hear you," Hannibal demanded, his mouth crashing against mine. He pulled back, my eyes nearly in slits, completely overcome by bliss and arousal. I licked my lips, my sweaty head of curls pressed against the wall.

"W-Will, call me Will, *please*…" I begged, my voice barely a whisper. Hannibal's pupils seemed to engulf his irises then, the hunger in them overwhelming me to the point of no return.

"*Will*," He said, "My lovely Will—" I pulled him in then, engulfing my name with a hungry, desperate, mouth. I poured my heart out in my kiss, my eyes growing wet. I pressed my hands against his neck and cheek, inhaling his every breath. My hips finally started to listen and I ground down on him with purpose, feeling how hard he was for me. I smiled when he gasped, his hands pressing against the wall, allowing me access to all of him.

I ran the flat of my tongue up his neck, my nails dragging down his muscled back. I wrapped my legs around him again, a small cry erupting from my throat when I felt him rut up against me, our lengths pressed against each other. Everything in me felt like it was struck by lightning, and I had to pause to catch my breath, my arms trembling upon his shoulders, my head tossed back.

"N-*no*, ah—Hannibal, *please*—" I panted, trying to hold myself together. I was *close* and I was still *dressed.* This could not happen.

"Easy, Will, *easy*," Hannibal purred against my neck, his hands taking hold of my jerky hips. "I've got you, *breathe*…" He took advantage of my needed pause, his fingers dancing across my ribs. I half laughed against his mouth, moaning freely. His smile was sweet as I tasted it. I lifted my arms when I felt his hands tug at the bunched-up fabric. He easily pulled it off, tossing it away.

"Y-yes, *yes*, Hannibal, yes!" I praised, my brain short-circuiting the moment my heated skin pressed up against his own. Hannibal pulled away then, my mouth confusedly chasing after his. He looked at me as if I had given him the best gift, his eyes not leaving any part of my skin undocumented. His mouth was agape.

I flushed as I remembered the marks he had left earlier. No doubt there were more now. I smiled at him knowingly, bowing my back with as much innuendo as I could, my arms

curling upward against the wall sensually. Even I was surprised at myself. Hannibal? He *attacked.*

His hands immediately began to tear at my belt, one hand grabbing at the meat of my ass, *kneading*. I *screamed*. "Perfect," Hannibal praised against my neck. "You're too perfect, my *darling boy*…" I whined loudly at his words, pleased beyond measure when he ripped my belt out of the loops, the force tearing apart at least two. He quickly sat me back down, my legs about folding beneath me as he forced off my jeans, and underwear, the seams screaming as he did so. I did not care, for I was too enraptured in the sight he had graced me with.

Oh, he was *breathtaking.* It was as if he had been carved out of living marble. I felt like Pygmalion, finally being able to touch what the gods had blessed me with; *given*. I ran my hands down his sides, my breath picking up at the sight of his erection.

"*Gorgeous*," Hannibal sighed, as I had done before him, and I blinked out of my dazed state. I gasped when I felt Hannibal's hands on my naked hips, his thumbs swirling gently. He pulled me up against him, his hands grabbing my ass. I closed my eyes with a groan, completely aware now of my vulnerability. We were both *very* naked, and I was suddenly quite frightened.

I had never been fully naked with anyone before, and I honestly did not know what to do. Not to mention that he was a complete *stranger*. I felt incredibly stupid to feel the way I did, but I could not help it. It must have showed upon my face, because Hannibal immediately let me go, cupping my face in his hands. His eyes were warm—*understanding*.

"Will, am I going too fast? What do you need?" *He knew.* He somehow knew that I was a virgin. I shook my head, my face aflame. This was what I wanted. I came here for a reason, and I was not going to let my nerves frighten me, or him, away.

"No…I'm sorry. I want this—*you*. I do. Please, just *touch me."* I placed my hands upon Hannibal's shoulders and kissed him again, pressing myself against him. Hannibal smiled beneath my kiss and wrapped his arms around me, gently squeezing the air from my lungs.

"You have me," Hannibal told me rather sweetly, his hands stroking down my sweaty back, eliciting a shiver. He paused then, gulping. "Will…you've had me the moment I saw you." My heart leapt in my chest and I looked up at him, smiling, teary-eyed. My fear lessened with his words. Though it was still there, I knew that I was making the right choice. I could trust giving this man everything that I had.

"A-and I you…" My entire soul seemed to soar, and I kissed him again, hard. His hands went to my nape, kissing me back, and I very awkwardly steered us to the very meticulously made bed. Hannibal let out a bright laugh when the back of my knees hit the bed, the force half making us fall over on it.

I rose a teasing eyebrow, my hands sliding down his torso slowly. Hannibal watched me with a soft smile, his eyes dark still with desire. I sat upon the bed deliberately slow, pushing my body up until I was in the very center of it.

“Now, how do I politely say, ‘prove it,’ without seeming like a dick?” I asked, my smile growing when he laughed. He shook his head, almost in disbelief, before joining me. My breath caught in my throat as he crawled over me, pinning my body beneath his own. His hair tickled my face as his face loomed over mine, his eyes adoring.

“You don’t have to say anything,” Hannibal told me softly before crushing our mouths together. I groaned and grasped his head, kissing him with equal fervor. I whined loudly, the fact that we were on the bed now making me relive my most delicious of dreams.

Oh, it was even better. Hannibal’s hands roamed *everywhere.* Everywhere but *there.* He kissed down my body, his hands grasping my trembling thighs to push them apart. I gasped, my back bowing against the duvet, my hands grasping at the fabric desperately. I blushed a deep crimson, my arms tossed over my eyes to shield them. I could not look at him anymore, it would be over!

Hannibal went at my thighs with his mouth, his teeth and tongue nearly sending me over the edge. “Hannibal, I *can’t*—it-it’s too much!” I sobbed, my entire body trembling. I was going to die; I could feel it!

“Then let it be *too much*,” Hannibal praised huskily, his hands running up my thighs along with his mouth. “Will…Will, you’re so *beautiful*.” The second his hot breath gushed against my groin I *screamed,* convulsing instantaneously. My eyes almost rolled to the back of my head at the force of pure pleasure that overtook me, and Hannibal groaned hungrily as I ruined him—marked him.

My arms fell away from my face and I looked down at Hannibal, utterly weak. I gulped at the sight of him, my seed on his face and in his hair. My breath only got heavier, and I panted a rather iffy apology. Hannibal only smiled, licking his lips.

“Oh, *Will*, my remarkable boy…”

Time

Chapter Summary

> "He was so beautiful, and it only broke my heart more thinking of what little time was left. We had three more days. When the time came and he left me, I would have this memory of him. Though, with this, he would always have a place deep within my heart. That alone, I feared, would undo me completely."

Chapter Notes

> Okayyyy. So maybe the plot continues a little bit here but...not a lot. Oops. It's 4am here but I've left this long enough and really wanted to get a chapter out! Sorry about the wait guys!! I hope you enjoy it! Also, it's 4am so I'm definitely not looking this over for grammar mistakes atm LOL so if you see any please let me know *I'm only human lol*

On the ninth day, I woke to the smooth strokes of Hannibal's hands down my back. I lay upon his chest, my arms rested on the firm expanse of him. Groggy and dazed I blinked up at him, confused. He smiled at me warmly, his gray and blonde hair sticking up in spikes like a halo around his head. I blushed a deep red, half wanting to hide my face against his chest.

I fell asleep.

I fell asleep?!

"Good morning, sweet Will," Hannibal said fondly, his face leaning down to press a warm kiss between my eyebrows. I blinked in shock, expecting more of a rigid response than the one he gave me. He cocked his head then, brown eyes curious. "What is it?" He asked me, his hands pressing my body closer to his own, only reminding me that we were both still very nude. I blushed deeply.

"I-I fell asleep," I told him, ashamed. I plopped my head on his chest then, the warm rumble of his laugh shaking through me.

"As one does," Hannibal said adoringly. He brushed the curly fringe from my face, my attempt of hiding my eyes ruined. "You don't have to push yourself for me. I'm…*quite* pleased as it is." I gasped when his hands slid to my ass. A few fingers brushed against the cleft, and my fingers curled in the hair on his chest. Memories of the night before sent a sharp spike of arousal through my body. Where his hands were, my skin felt electric.

His smile was *lecherous*.

"*More*," I encouraged, pressing my lips against his own. I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him closer. I canted up my hips, his hands sliding down my thighs, leaving them trembling. I kissed him softly, tasting the minty aftertaste of his toothpaste. I smiled, imagining him sneaking out of bed just to brush his teeth. "Not fair," I told him through a gasp, smiling wider. I pushed myself up, sitting firmly on his hips, the hardness of him making me let out a shaky sigh.

"It really isn't," Hannibal half mumbled, his eyes roaming as much as his hands. His hands slid up my thighs slowly, his eyes full of desire. I trembled, pleased, not caring that my point was averted. My 'morning breath' obviously was the last thing on his mind.

I looked down at him, my heart full in ways that would scare me if I lingered on them too long. The best course of action for me was *action.* Something that usually got me into trouble. Here? With Hannibal? I wanted this to be a good thing.

Hannibal was tender to me in ways that I did not understand. He did not push me, nor did he expect more than what my body could give him; even if it was something I desperately wanted him to have.

"Alana…the receptionist here, told me something about you. A few things." I mumbled out, one hand timidly going to Hannibal's face, my fingers touching one prominent cheekbone. The golden-brown eyes seemed to darken then, adding more mystery to him. Hannibal grabbed my hand and pressed a kiss to my palm. I gulped.

"What might that be?" He asked, his eyes looking up at me through his lashes. His teeth scraped down the length of my palm. I shivered outright, another tremble spiking through my body. Hannibal smiled. He owned my flesh, knew exactly how to make it *sing*. I frowned, my *flesh* being my problem.

"T-that you're widowed…recent." I looked away then, not being able to look him in the eye. I felt *dirty*, and my stomach turned at the thought. I felt childish. I tried to pull my hand away but he held on, gripping my chin with his other hand. He forced my misty eyes on him, his face solemn but gentle.

"This is true." Hannibal told me softly, his voice not damning me. His tone broke my heart, just as jealousy threatened to weigh it down. He swallowed thickly and brushed away one of my tears with his thumb. "Bedelia was her name," He said. "She worked the same field as I…psychiatry. A-a patient…" His voice faltered then and I shushed him, leaning down and pressing my lips softly against his own. My body covered his, and his lips trembled with each teasing swipe of my tongue.

"You don't have to tell me anything more," I told him breathily against his mouth as I pulled away, tears in my eyes. My arms cradled his head, my fingers playing with the soft strands of his hair. "I'm sorry I brought it up…I-I just…I want to know more about you. I want to know you, Hannibal." Hannibal's hands pressed against my ribcage, possessive.

“Anything you want,” Hannibal told me, his eyes wide with wonder. He looked at me as if I hung the moon, and I felt brave. I searched his eyes, smiling slowly. The tears ran down my cheeks, and I leaned in and nibbled at his top lip. I pulled it gently with my teeth, pressing closer.

“‘Anything?’” I asked, and Hannibal trembled as I shifted, gently pushing my knee up. I pressed it against him suggestively. He jolted, his lower half twitching restlessly under the white duvet. He huffed a sharp laugh, one of his hands going to my curls. He pulled gently, the length of my neck revealed to him. I smiled, victorious.

“You’re driving me insane—*Anything*, Will,” he gasped, his voice high. I smiled widely against his mouth, opening mine when his tongue licked at the seam of my lips. Unlike my kisses, his were *devouring*. He gripped my nape and took control, his tongue torturous. A needy sound came from the back of my throat when he flipped us, my back bouncing against the mattress.

Hannibal was pressed between my legs and I half panted out a laugh, near delirious with desire. He smiled knowingly, one of his hands slowly reaching down my body to wrap around me. I gasped, my back bowing and head pressing against the pillow.

“What do you want?” Hannibal asked, as if he did not already know. I half cursed, his hand sliding *teasingly* slow. He only smiled wider. He leaned down and pressed a kiss against my forehead, my nose, and finally my gasping mouth. “What do you *want*, Will?” He whispered again, tragically soft. I wanted to cry.

“*This*,” I panted, another sound being choked out of me when his hand moved, my thighs trembling horribly. “*You*—give me *you*, *p-pleas*—” I didn’t have time to finish before his mouth was crushed against mine again, his hand steadily going faster. I squealed against his mouth, my heart in my ears. I wrapped my arms around his neck, kissing and nipping, unraveling slowly at the seams.

“How do you want me?” Hannibal asked, pulling me up and into his arms, my legs wrapping around him. His hand slowed with his question, the feel of his smile upon my opened mouth making me squirm. I trembled outright, trying my best to control myself. “Tell me if this begins to be too much, Will, and I’ll stop.” He told me, pressing a tender kiss to my neck. I smiled, my heart swelling, and shook my sweaty head.

“No way,” I told him wetly, my hands running down his back. I was not going to let this end the way it did the night before. “I want this…*Please*, Hannibal. I want it to be you—I *need* it to be you. *Take me*.” I ground down on him then and was rewarded with a sharp gasp, the older man half growling. I smiled widely, pleased. His hand suddenly went faster then, stealing my breath. My entire body nearly convulsed when I felt fingers begin to brush against my cleft again, slowly sliding in.

“Like this?” Hannibal purred and my hips jerked as his fingers pressed against me.

“H-H-*Hann*—” I whined, my fingernails gripping into the muscles of his back. I trembled openly, my head thrown back as his fingers brushed against me, exploring gently.

“Cheeky boy,” Hannibal huffed, breathless, and suddenly released me altogether. I choked back another whine before I saw him reach over to the bedside table next to us. He went through the drawer and quickly withdrew a condom and a small container I knew to be lube. He turned back to me and half laughed, his facial expression fond. It was not the reaction I had hoped. “Do you think you’ll make it? You’re as red as a tomato.”

I sputtered, not needing him to tell me that I was beet-red. I could still feel his fingers, and I wanted more. However… “I’m a virgin, what else do you want from me?” I laughed awkwardly, eying the items he had in his hand both excitedly and anxiously at the same time. His blond eyebrows rose and I felt myself only grow more red; if that were at all possible.

“Oh, I can think of *quite* a few things…” Hannibal said and I rolled my eyes, happily allowing him to pull me back into his arms. I took the packet of lube and tore a corner open with my teeth. I grabbed one of his hands and placed it in it, my fingers trembling. Hannibal gripped my fingers and pressed a kiss to my hand, his thumb smoothing against my skin. I could feel the crisp edges of the packet still, and I smiled at him warmly. With that one gesture, I felt more at ease. He kissed me gently, and I returned the favor, my heart incredibly full.

As we came together, I could not help the tears that flowed; both happy and sad. I kissed him with everything I had, documenting his every gasp and shake. I held onto him, enraptured in everything that he was. He was so beautiful, and it only broke my heart more thinking of what little time was left. We had three more days. When the time came and he left me, I would have this memory of him. Though, with this, he would always have a place deep within my heart. That alone, I feared, would undo me completely.

All of Me

Chapter Summary

> “Can I truly keep this?” Will asked after a while in silence, his fingers toying with the hairs upon Hannibal’s chest, only their breaths and the cars outside the window audible. “Where is the catch? The price?” Hannibal smoothed his hand down Will’s side, a smile warping his lips in deep contentment.

Chapter Notes

> I am SOOOO sorry about just leaving this!!! I totally didn't mean for it to happen, but life is crazy...So this isn't in WIll's POV. But you will get more of Hannibal's POV very soon!! Also, I've officially delved into the porn...so, yay? Lollll I hope it isn't crap because I honestly have no idea what I'm doing (ever tbh). I hope you enjoy!!
>
> Also, I'm dedicating this chapter to @cannibalharpsichord who is an amazing person and deserves all the love and happiness in the world!

When Hannibal woke up he did so peacefully—*happily.* He had not done so since the death of his late wife. What more? The one that caused his heart to swell was currently lodged to his side, the softness of Will’s breath and skin causing his soul to fill to the brim with glee.

William…he was tragically lovely in every way, and Hannibal could not believe that the boy had come to him so willingly; and had given him such a grand gift: *himself.*

More, Will had begged him, *please, more,* eyes closed and head tipped back into the pillows, the sweaty gleam of his adam’s apple too much for Hannibal to resist. Will was feral in his lust, a wild fae-like thing that Hannibal could not get enough of. Now, sharing what they had, and tasting the pure sweetness of Will Graham, Hannibal knew that if the boy asked for it, he would give him anything his heart yearned for; *anything.*

The world would be his, if it were his heart’s desire.

Will moved softly as he began to wake, his messy curls tickling Hannibal’s chin and nose. Just the smell of him caused Hannibal to tighten the grip he had around the boy’s silken waist, trying to pull him closer. It earned him an amused chuckle from the beauty, the younger man’s crystal blue eyes opening slowly and his smile as blinding as the sun. Hannibal could not help but to stare, the slow blush rising upon Will’s porcelain cheeks doing wonders to his heart.

“G-good morning,” Will breathed softly, the one distractingly shapely leg thrown over Hannibal’s own helping him to straddle his lover’s lap. He yawned with an innocence unlost to him and stretched languidly, his back bowing enticingly as his fingers reached for the ceiling. Hannibal could not look away, and his hands palmed at the boy’s sides, sliding up, his flesh warm and soft as the purest of silks.

“That tickles,” Will huffed with a soft laugh, his breath stuttering when one of Hannibal’s thumbs pressed against one nipple, brushing gently. His head lolled back as he pushed his chest forward, offering Hannibal all of himself once again. Hannibal met his offer like a man starved, a choking sound punched from deep within him as he rose to capture the offered breast in his mouth hungrily. Will keened in response, his body very new to every sensation given to it.

“Will, Will…oh, *Will*,” Hannibal prayed over and over again as he kissed his heaving, flushed, chest. He pushed and pulled softly until Will lay upon his back, his arms tossed carelessly over his head and his mouth panting and plump from his kisses. Hannibal could not look away, nor did he ever want to. “You’re so beautiful,” Hannibal told him honestly, his hands running up and down Will’s trembling sides, his fingernails remembering every contour of his body. Will’s eyes seemed to well with tears, the crystal sparkling with emotion. His arms reached out for him, and Hannibal could not get there fast enough; his soul flying before his body could.

Will kissed him tender and soft, his mouth showing all of his heart and undying purity. Hannibal let himself fall into Will’s gentle worship, opening for him when his tongue cautiously explored his lips. Will’s fingers brushed against his cheek, neck, and chest, sweeping from one to the other as if trying to remember him all at once. It was heartbreaking, and Hannibal could taste his fears openly.

“I’m here,” Hannibal panted against Will’s searchingly sweet mouth, the younger man’s trembling hand curling around his nape. The tears that Hannibal knew were falling shown openly upon Will’s face and broke Hannibal’s heart. Instead of seeking confirmation, Will simply grasped one of his hands and lead him to the gift that he had given the night before. Hannibal searched his lovely face instead of the weeping hotness of his body, the splotchy redness of Will’s embarrassment causing him to pause before Will leaned up and pressed his mouth against his own once more.

If this is what Will wanted, he was more than happy to give it to him. However, when he went to grab a condom, Will’s shaking hand stilled him. Hannibal paused, looking at his lover curiously.

“I-I want to feel it,” Will mumbled, another wave of tears budding in his eyes. “I want to feel all of you…I-I trust you; *please.*”

“Will?” Hannibal asked softly, forgetting everything else. He brushed away Will’s tears with his thumbs, trying to get Will to look at him, his heart lurching with fear. “What is wrong? Have I hurt you?” When Will shook his head, Hannibal let out a breath he had not realized he had been holding. “Tell me? Please?"

“I fear I will wake up soon,” Will began weepily, his confession sending another gush of tears down his angelic face. “I-I want all that I can of you now before I’m alone again…I’m so sorry that I’m selfish.” Hannibal shook his head gently, grasping Will’s wet cheeks and pressed their foreheads together.

“I’m right here,” Hannibal told him softly, Will’s hands coming to curl around his wrists as if searching for security. “What you have offered me, and have given, are gifts that I will not take lightly. Do you not see yourself behind my eyes? Do you not see how others watch your every move?” Hannibal’s eyes darkened with his last confession, his hands turning possessive as they slid from Will’s cheeks to trail down his shoulders and sides. Will trembled openly under his touch, and Hannibal closed his eyes in bliss. He leaned in, half pinning Will to their heated nest. Pressing his mouth against one adorably red ear, Hannibal asked, “Do you wish for me to show you? Show you what they want from you? When their eyes linger too long; their fingers?”

“H-Hannibal,” Will gasped, aroused and sad, wanting and disbelieving all at once. “Please don’t lie to me…”

“Lie?” Hannibal half purred, one hand going back to where Will’s had lead it before. Will gasped in shock, his body twitching with excitement. “Why would I lie about what angers me?” Will made another choked sound as his fingers began to prod his entrance gently, possessive even there.

“‘A-a-angers’?” Will gasped, his hands coming to brace himself around Hannibal’s muscled shoulders. The bite of his nails sent a tremble of its own down Hannibal’s body. Hannibal’s amber eyes cut through his very soul with the heat in them—the *warning.*

“Oh, yes,” Hannibal half growled, one finger sinking fully into his heat. Will’s eyes blew wide open at the intrusion, his body loose from the night before. It was too new; too *glorious.*

“*Hannibal*—!”

“—This, William; *this*. They want to see what I am now…feel the silkiness of your skin, and the ramped throb of your heart.” Will half sobbed for an entirely different reason now, head thrown back, raw pleasure taking hold of his body. Hannibal’s tongue pressed against his throat, placing open-mouthed bites all over it as he pressed in another finger. Will’s sex throbbed between their stomachs, Hannibal’s own equally as greedy. “They can’t have this, can they, William? Not when you sing so prettily for me?” With each word spoken, Hannibal crooked his fingers just right, Will letting out sounds so delicious Hannibal would remember for the rest of his life.

“N-no one; *no one!*” Will promised with a cry, his very soul reaching out for Hannibal’s own as his orgasm overtook him almost violently. He trembled openly, gasping Hannibal’s name like a mantra as it did, Hannibal leaning down to kiss his wobbly mouth compassionately sweet as his hot seed splattered between them messily.

“And I am yours,” Hannibal promised him, hoping to apply a balm to the younger man’s gentle heart—something Hannibal was not yet sure he was deserving of. “However long you want me…You can have it all, William. All that I am; all that is left of me, is yours.”

Will's eyes lolled in his afterglow, the wantonness in them causing Hannibal to half purr in a job well done. He grasped one limp hand and pressed kisses all over it, worshiping each slim finger. "H-how are you real?" Will asked, his voice one of awe, and Hannibal let out a hearty laugh, sucking the finger he had been currently indulging into his mouth. His tongue laved at the appendage adoringly before letting it slip from his mouth altogether, his amber eyes full of amusement and something else that they both feared to express fully.

"I could ask you the very same," Hannibal murmured when Will rose from his liquid-like state and became a picture of pure sin as he slowly crawled on top of him, the look in his eyes far beyond his years and sexual prowess.

"Allow me show you," Will told him, the raw sex in his voice causing Hannibal's heart to nearly stop. He gently lifted his hips and trusted Hannibal to help guide him as he sank down. Hannibal let out a sharp choke, his head smacking back against the hotel's stark white headboard. Will let out a throaty laugh, his mouth open and eyes closed as he tried to get use to the all-too-new sensation; he briefly wondered if he ever would.

Hannibal brushed his fingers down his flushed, sweaty, cheek, "Okay?" Will nodded without opening his eyes, taking the opportunity to grasp onto the headboard and sink lower until he had all of Hannibal in him. Hannibal truly yelped then, shocked and trying his best not to lose control. He grabbed Will's delicious bottom with both hands, the crescents of his nails digging in delightfully painfully. It was Will who choked then, his head falling against Hannibal's collarbone, his breath wild and heart beating so hard Hannibal half feared he would have a heart attack.

"*Please move,"* Will whined, the younger man knowing that he had reached his limit, the fullness of Hannibal within him more than he could bear. He wrapped his arms around Hannibal's shoulders, pressing his enflamed face against the crook of his sweaty neck.

"L-lovely boy," Hannibal praised with a throaty laugh, doing as his lover wished, smooth and slow. Will's fingernails bit into his skin then, grasping wildly, his mouth releasing sharp, sweet, cries that only caused Hannibal to press deeper and slower. Will tried his best to follow his motions, but found he could only hold on and try not to fall apart completely, biting his lips painfully.

"D-don't hold back," Hannibal half cried, his head nudging against Will's own. "Let me hear what others cannot; what is *mine*!" Will's body reacted to Hannibal's words more so than his head did, the sounds he had been too embarrassed to let out falling freely from his kiss-bruised, opened, mouth. Hannibal rewarded him by sharper thrusts, his tongue hot and insistent against Will's tossed back neck.

"Y-yours, *yours*," Will hissed between clenched teeth, hot tears running down his cheeks again, of which Hannibal lapped up eagerly, his hands dragging up and down the sweaty silken skin of Will's back. "*Hannibal—yours*!" Hannibal could feel Will's spine move with his own movements, and he pressed kisses against Will's offered chest, the bow of his lower back allowing him to hit that one spot inside of the younger man that had him half scream his pleasure to the world. Will clenched around him as he climaxed for the second time and the pure heat and feel of him caused Hannibal's own; both men lost to their desire.

“I-it’s beautiful,” Will gulped afterwards as Hannibal and he lay side-by-side, both loose-limbed and breathless; *happy.* They both stared at each other in absolute wonder, their hands entwined tightly.

“You are,” Hannibal told him simply, his voice full of truth, and Will rolled his eyes with a soft smile. He then rolled onto his back and just stared at the ceiling trying to catch his breath, the time of day lost to their very flesh. “You’re also overthinking,” Hannibal murmured and slowly tugged him closer, Will happily allowing the older man to rearrange his body until his head was contently snuggled against his hairy chest and one arm slung across it. Will curled one leg over Hannibal’s own, mimicking the position that they had been when Will had first awoken.

“Can I truly keep this?” Will asked after a while in silence, his fingers toying with the hairs upon Hannibal’s chest, only their breaths and the cars outside the window audible. “Where is the catch? The price?” Hannibal smoothed his hand down Will’s side, a smile warping his lips in deep contentment.

“As I said before, all that I am is yours. The catch? I want all of you. I have never been very good at sharing, Will. What I require is *you.*” Hannibal meant it with his very soul, and Will sucked in a deep breath, a sound almost like a purr resonating from his very core as Hannibal’s hand gripped one pert cheek of his bottom. He pushed himself up and leaned over him, his breath swirling around his lips.

“If it is my soul you require, I give it to you freely. My body…it was yours the moment we met.” Hannibal’s heart lurched almost painfully, his eyes wide. He felt Will’s hand glide over his own beneath the duvet, pushing it until his fingers fell into the dip of his bottom again. He choked on his breath and Will smiled saucily.

“Your *body* may be the death of me,” Hannibal half moaned, his libido not as young as Will’s own, though it did give a healthy twitch of interest. Will laughed against his mouth, the younger man kissing him sweetly upon his mouth before dipping his tongue between his teeth in a manner that half killed Hannibal with every retreat of the slick muscle. “*Will*…” Hannibal whispered with devotion and Will answered his call with a heated look between his eyelashes and curls as he kissed his way down Hannibal’s heaving chest and stomach.

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